

complained of: I perceive, said he, it is you that have lent money at usury to this old gentleman's son; it is you that have shut your ears to his supplications; it is you that have tortured and almost severed his heart; it is you that were meditating to give the fatal blow. Ah! Doriman, are you my nephew?

Sir, answered Doriman, I am in your eyes always culpable; not any of my actions can be innocent. Pray, Sir, is not money an article of commerce? How long has it been criminal to lend it upon interest? I advanced it on condition of repayment within a limited time, the borrower was not punctual, and I proceeded against him. Am I to lose my own credit, and ruin myself, to render others easy and happy?—Besides, what are the great distresses you complain of? Thanks to your money, the old man and his son are now extricated from their difficulties. But had I been in their situation, I should not have been so fortunate: philosophy teaches her disciples to prefer a stranger to a relation, and to be beneficent to all the world except their own kindred.—But, in the agitation of mind, and in the midst of your mutual extacies, when you were conversing with the old man, you have forgot one important thing; and believe me, Sir, you will be a sufferer by it.

What have I forgot? said Strephon.

You

You have forgot, answered Doriman, make him give you a note of hand.

A note of hand! cried the unfortunate miserably wretch, thy heart will overflow. Go! this last shaft proceeds from a rupt heart! Get thee from me. The venerable countenance of the old gentleman, his fine sensations, his tone of voice—nephew, thou knowest not the activity! thou art not formed for living mankind—Go feed thine eyes upon a spectacle which will become thy shame and torment. That vile object of thy view precipitate thee into an abyss of ruin; thou wilt then be convinced but too late, he who has never had compassion has no right to expect it for himself. A note of hand! Ah! who would have thought the whole sum than entertained so base, so odious, so disgraceful to thee.—Be gone, I tell thee, I no longer acknowledge that thou hast my blood in thy veins.—Even the assassin feels remorse for the blood he has shed, thou, who hast committed outrages upon the most sacred things in nature, art art thou a stranger to it.

The uncle was animated with a generous spirit; his gestures, his countenance, his voice, all conspired to breathe a pure and zealous zeal of virtue. At length, exhausted and fatigued he fell back in an

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